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NOT THE GLORY OF CASSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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A PARABLE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Worn and foot-sore was the Prophet
When he reached the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here his presence lingers still."
"Hear me, guide of my fathers,
Lo, a humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign."
Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:
But the soft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.
"God!" "I thank thee," said the Prophet,
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy."
"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in olden time,
Humbleness and love and patience
Give dominion over Time."
"Had I trusted in my nature,
Like to this as I am now,
Thou thyself wouldst have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings."
"But I looked for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give away;
Thou art to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay."
"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;
"In her hand she held a flower
Like to this as I am now,
Which beside my very threshold
She had plucked and brought to me."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The times have indeed sadly changed.—
One entire portion of human life is struck out.
It is now babyhood or manhood.
There is no conservative state—(we do not speak politically.) Once there were intermediate states of boyhood—bare-footed and bean-porridge eating state—a spelling and cyphering period—where there were boys to do the chores and go errands—when apprentices indentured were in fashion, and the line between boyhood and manhood well defined by the "freedom suit." But there are no such things now. The child steps out of his diaper and frock into a long-tailed coat, and high-heeled boots. He exchanges the nipple for the cigar. Not one of the present generation has ever seen a real, bona fide "nine-day-old" pot of bean porridge; Noah Webster's spelling book is crowded out of school by high works on philosophy and metaphysics. There are no apprentices now. Young men take a few lessons in the trade they fancy, and set up for themselves.

But the present generation is as destitute of girls as of boys. It is either baby or lady—clout or "bustle"—nursery or parlor.—The mother tends her infant, or waits upon her daughter. Instead of spinning flax for their father's shirt, they reel silk for the ladies' fair; and instead of knitting stockings and mending trousers for their brothers, they work lace and make stays for themselves.—The mother milks, churns, mends, washes and irons, and the daughters—the "ladies"—read novels, dress, and make and receive calls. They make parties, instead of puddings, and cook by the book, rather than from knowledge.

We should be delighted to see a generation of boys and girls—in looks, actions, and dress—we should then hope for health and strength, industry and sobriety, frugality and economy, prosperity and happiness. We go for protection to this class of our community. Every father should impose a tariff, one that should amount to an entire prohibition, on the introduction of fashionable follies into the family. He should protect and enforce home industry. He and his wife and children should enter into a "Home League" on the subject. This is the tariff that will restore confidence. This is the bank that will freely discount and never suspend.—*Alexandria Index.*

CRITICISM.—The editor of the *Nashua*, N. H. Telegraph has lately "been down to Boston," where he heard the celebrated Jane Sloman perform on the piano. He closes a somewhat rhapsodical criticism upon her in this wise:—

"For brilliancy and rapidity of execution she seems a miracle almost. However, it only shows to what an immense extent any one human faculty may be improved—perhaps she can't make a pudding!"

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—In the mountains of Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is near bed time, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answering them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen come down to the beach about sunset, and sing a melody from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

BOASTING.—Make up your mind never to be outdone by a boaster. If such a one says, with an air of superiority, that he keeps a yacht, directly affirm that you have a man of war of your own private property. It is equally serviceable to drop as much below the mark as to soar above it; and when you hear a "fine" man at an evening party lamenting aloud that his fellow has not brought his cab, be very polite, and tell him you expect your private truck every moment, when part of it is at his service.

UT GIRLS, remember that the man who bows, smiles, and says many soft things to you, has no genuine love; while he who loves most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

Every advance of science increases the amount of social happiness.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

BY MISS VIRGINIA DEFOREST.

From the Lady's Book.
"Harry, what is the use of your fiddling away there all the evening, when you might just as well be reading some useful book, or learning some useful art?"
"Good brother, don't fret. My fiddling does not disturb you. You have such a power of fixing your attention, that you can study your book just as well when I am playing a dancing tune here in this room, as you can when I am a mile off. It does not disturb you at all."

"Granted. We settled that matter long ago. The cheerful sounds of the instrument inspire without disturbing me. I think on the whole I get on rather better when you are in the room, especially as you are always willing to give me a lift when I come across anything I don't understand."
"Well then, why do you fret?"
"It is not on my account, but on your own. It seems to me that you are wasting your time to practice so much as you do.—You play in a masterly manner now; and by employing all your evenings in study, you might learn a great deal that would be of some practical use to you as a farmer."

"Oh, I like to mangle the agreeable with the useful, to fiddle nine-eighths of the evening, and study the remaining fifth, as Patrick O'Dougherty says. Besides, who knows but fiddling may be useful to me some time or other. I may live to get my bread by it."
Poor Harry Duncan! he little thought that his "words would ever come true." He was a light hearted, volatile, generous youth, the destined heir of a rich uncle, the favorite son of his father, a flourishing farmer in Ayrshire. There was not a more promising youth in all Scotland. Not even his staid and studious brother James was more highly esteemed in their native village. All hearts warmed at the sight of his merry face and the ring of his cheerful laugh; and right prosperously did he go on for many a long year. He inherited his uncle's estate, a fine, well stocked farm, and was at once placed in a state of complete independence.

James, who had not the naturally fine parts and popular address of his brother, was one of your persevering, plodding youth, who while his brother was learning to play upon the violin, was seriously addressing himself to the study of scientific agriculture. He learned a great many things respecting the chemistry of soils and plants and the alternation of crops, by studying attentively every new work which came out on either of these subjects; and finally became so satisfied that he could increase very greatly the products of any farm of which he might have the care. On proposing some of his improvements to his father, he found it much easier to convince one's self of the possibility of a scheme, than to induce others to adopt it. The old farmer was highly indignant at his son's presuming to teach him the art which he had been all his life practising; and he continually told him to carry his "book notions" to another market. Being a rather high spirited youth, and of age, at the time this ungracious speech was made, James took his father at his word and began to make preparations for leaving home. This was just after the decease of the uncle, who had left not only his real estate, but all his personal property to Harry.

Coming into his brother's room one morning and finding him packing his trunk very diligently, he accosted him with "Hallo! what now I going a journey?"

"Yes, Harry, a long one," said James, sardonically.

"Indeed! what has started you off now, brother, and whither are you going?"

"I will tell you, Harry," he said, closing his trunk, and sitting composedly down on the lid.

"You must know that this morning, having respectfully suggested to father some change in manuring that field which is intended for wheat next season, he took my remarks in high dudgeon, scolded away half an hour at me, blamed me for pretending to learn farming from books, and finally told me I had better take my book notions to another market. Now, as I can do that thing, I think on the whole, I will."

"Oh, no, brother, you will not do so hasty and unkind a thing. You will think better of it."

"Harry I hate to leave you—that's a fact. We have been more than brothers. We have always been friends. But go I must."

Harry put both hands to his face, bowed down his head on the table, and wept like a child. Tears filled the eyes of James, too, but he was firm in his purpose. Recovering in some measure from his agitation, Henry said, "Where do you purpose to go, and how are you provided for the adventure?"

"I mean," replied James, "to go to America, and I have money enough to pay my passage and support me a year after my arrival."

"What is your plan of operation?"

"I mean to earn money enough to buy some land; and then I will see if there is any virtue in my book notions."

"I pray you, James, do not act so hastily, so madly. There is no occasion for it.—Stay with us. You will share the same as myself what my father may leave. There are but two ways. Why part? Why be a wanderer and an exile, when you have a comfortable home, and a good prospect of future independence before you?"

"It is of no use to talk about it, Harry," replied James, who in fact expected nothing by way of inheritance from his father, but still had too much delicacy to wound his brother by saying so. "You know I love you, Harry, and would gladly stay with you, but I know also where I am going and what I will do."

"At least, then," said Harry, "if you will go, let me smooth your way a little." And so saying he sat down and wrote a check for all the ready money in his banker's hands, the hoarded savings—in fact nearly all the personal estate of a kind uncle, amounting to a sum which would suffice to purchase his brother a fine tract of fertile land in Amer-

ica. This he handed to James the moment he had signed it.

"I cannot take it, Harry."
"You must—you shall take it. I will take no denial. Fortune has been unjust to you, James. My uncle did not know your worth, my father does not know it. No one knows you but myself. I will not see you go abroad like a beggar or a mere laboring adventurer. Take this money and buy yourself a farm. I believe in your ability to distinguish yourself in the country to which you are going, by your skill and science in agriculture. You will do honor to the family and the name, if you have fair play; and have it you shall."

"I can get along without this money, Harry, and I do not like to rob you."

"It is no robbery. It is a free gift. Or, if you are too proud for that, call it a loan, and when you are perfectly able to do so you may repay it."

"But I may be shipwrecked—"

"You must provide against loss from that cause. You must take it, James. You are my only brother; I could never answer it to my conscience, if I were to allow you to go away without providing as amply as I can for your well being. I have enough and more than enough for myself."

Thus urged, James received the money, and, an hour after, left the paternal mansion forever.

Years rolled on. Harry married, had a fine family of children growing up around him, and all was going on prosperously; when his easy disposition—his unwillingness to say no! led him into a series of embarrassments which brought him to the brink of ruin. In consequence of becoming security for a friend who was engaged in extensive commercial speculations, he was compelled to sell the fine estate which he had inherited from his uncle, and take shelter for himself and his family in the homestead of his father, now far advanced in life. The decease of the old man soon after this event, once more raised him to prominence, by giving him a second inheritance, James having been passed over in the final disposition of his father's property.

Things went on prosperously for many years, and Harry had passed the middle period of life, when being engaged one day in overseeing the workmen on his farm, he was surprised by a sudden shower, and taking shelter under a tree, he was struck blind and reduced to premature decrepitude by lightning. At forty he had all the appearance of an old man. His misfortune ended not here. A succession of bad crops soon ran him deeply in debt, and he found himself once more obliged to sell his farm to satisfy his creditors. A kind letter which he had received some months before from James, determined him to join his brother in America, and try with the few hundred pounds which still remained to him, to retrieve his fortunes in that distant land.

He accordingly embarked for Philadelphia with his wife and two youngest children; but ill fortune still pursued him. The ship was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey, and although the crew and passengers were saved, the trunk which contained his money was lost, and he found himself on a strange shore in a completely destitute condition.

Fortunately, his good spirits never deserted him. Although blind and destitute, his courage and fortitude were unabated.—He found shelter for himself and family in the house of a kind hearted farmer; and among the few effects which were saved from the wreck was one trunk which contained the same violin on which he had been accustomed to play in the happy days of his youth. When it was brought to him, he grasped it cheerfully, and exclaimed, "With this I may be enabled to find my brother's residence without being dependent on the hand of charity." His performance on the instrument was, in fact, so skilful, that the villagers, won by his sweet tones, and their sympathies for his misfortunes, got up a little concert, which gave him money enough to commence his journey towards the interior of Pennsylvania, where he hoped to find his brother. And so he travelled on from town to town, a poor blind fiddler, piteous and relieved indeed, but still very poor and destitute, knowing not in the morning where he should lay his head at night; and as he all anxiety he was of affection for his suffering family.

When he arrived at the town from which James's last letter had been dated, he learned to his dismay, that his brother had sold his property there and emigrated to the west.—No one could tell in what part of the country he had settled; but he expressed an intention to buy a farm in Illinois. "Slowly and sadly" did poor Harry resume his journey.—Days and weeks did he toil on, until at last he told him that he had arrived in the State of Illinois. But it was a great State, and he still wandered on vainly inquiring after his lost brother, until the hope of finding his abode almost died within him.

Towards the close of a chill autumn day, he found himself in the kitchen of a large farm house into which he had been invited in order to regale the children with a few tunes on his violin. It was a scene of rustic comfort. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, to which his little boy hastened for the purpose of warming himself. The children of the farmer danced about the room, in eager anticipation of the music, till the poor fiddler had drawn forth his instrument from its case and began to play, when its full sounding tones soothed the tumult. Two little girls stood before the performer, with pleased attention, one with folded hands, and the other with one hand on her lips and the other holding the reins attached to the little car-load of playthings half forgotten behind her. The elder leaned over the back of her mother's chair, sheltered by which the little boy, the wag of the family, executed a travesty of the fiddler's motions, with a fire shovel and a pair of bellows. The mother held up on her lap an infant whose interest in the music the father endeavored to increase by snapping his fingers for castanets. The poor fiddler's wife had her infant too, in her lap, and wretched as her condition was, she seemed

to sympathize in the pleasure imparted to the farmer's family by her husband's music. The old farm servant stood with his back to the fire, gazing apathetically upon the whole scene. The group was a subject for a painter.

Hitherto the fiddler had played the national tunes of the country, Washington's March, the Star Spangled Banner, &c., in compliance to the supposed taste of his auditors;—but he now began an old favorite air, which had been the delight of his youthful days, the Yellow Haired Laddie. Suddenly the joyful chirruping of the farmer to his little one ceased, the castanets were no longer heard snapping. As the notes of "linked sweet-ness long drawn out" fell upon his ear, the farmer stood still and gazed upon the performer, wrapt in other scenes, carried back, as we are all wont to be, by old tunes to old times. At length the music ceased.

"Pray, my good man," said the farmer, "where did you learn that tune?"

"In bonny Ayrshire, sir."

"I never heard it played in that style before, save by one hand which is far enough from here. In Ayrshire, did you say?"

"Tell me—what is your name?"

"I am called poor Harry, the blind fiddler, but in my prosperous days, I was blithe Harry Duncan."

"That I should ever live to see you thus, Harry," cried the farmer, flinging himself into the arms of the astonished blind man, in a passionate burst of tears—"it is your brother James that embraces you! Why, oh! why do I see you thus?"

"Ah Jamie," replied Henry, adopting for the once the phraseology of the humbler peasantry of his country, a little of his old humor returned even at this touching moment, "ye ken I told ye yonny a time, lang syne, that my fiddle might one day be the means of winning my bread!"

"Well," replied James, recovering a little at this sally, "I think the prophecy has been sufficiently fulfilled. You shall no longer fiddle for your bread, Harry." And he was as good as his word. James's superior skill in the application of sound science to agriculture had made him immensely rich although he retained his original simple style of living. He had long ago repaid his brother's generous loan; but his gratitude for that favor and his true affection conspired to make him place Henry and his family beyond the reach of want the remainder of their days.

Subterranean Fires—The Cause.

The disappearance of a small pond of water in Missouri during the recent earthquake, and the issuing of a stream from a hole at the bottom, has called forth the following remarks by a correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*:

During the shakes of the earthquake in the winter of 1811 and 12, a person walking near the banks of the Muskingum River, in Ohio, discovered smoke issuing from an opening in the ground; he examined the spot, put his cane down in the opening, and it immediately took fire. He was much alarmed, and on his return to town related the circumstance. The Legislature of the State were then in session at Zanesville, and immediately adjourned to view the phenomenon. The report spread rapidly through the village until it reached the ears of an old gentleman, who immediately explained the matter. He had the year previous burnt a kiln of lime on and against the bank, which ignited a vein of bituminous coal that continued to burn under ground, and the violence of the earthquake had thrown down so much of the bank of the river as to cause the opening. An examination of the ground proved that the old gentleman was right in his conjectures. Subterranean fires feeding upon bituminous coal may have produced the phenomena spoken of in the St. Louis paper, and the subterranean fuel may have been kindled by electric fluid.

Shakes are very frequent near St. Louis, and more particularly near Shawneetown, Illinois.—At the United States salines in that neighborhood shakes are felt almost every year. During the shakes in 1811 and '12 at New Madrid, bituminous coal was thrown up in large quantities at that place. Liquid Petroleum, which is very combustible, is found in boring for salt water through the regions of country west of the Alleghana Mountains, and in many places it comes to the surface in the shape of Mineral Tar Springs. Immense quantities of Carburetted Hydrogen gas also issues from some of the salt wells of the West, and from numerous springs termed burning springs. The different Virginia springs possess every degree of temperature, from that of the heat of boiled water down to the temperature of fifty-two degrees.

The increased temperature is entirely local, as appears from all the investigations which have been made in the western States. The Carburetted Hydrogen Gas is set on fire at the Kenhwa Salines, and at the burning springs in Virginia by the inhabitants, to afford visitors the opportunity of witnessing the phenomenon.

Beneath the earth's surface in many locations are vast quantities of carburetted hydrogen gas, and also burning bodies which have become ignited from chemical causes fully understood.—These subterranean fires produce in the course of time intense heat, displacing vast bodies of solid matter, until perforce a body of water is thus reached, which on coming in contact with the liquid fire becomes converted into steam. This must either find vent by some terrific explosion, or be condensed by a force of pressure which must shake the earth for an immense distance around.

The effects of earthquakes are quite various; sometimes the motion is vertical, throwing buildings upwards; at other times the motion is horizontal.

It is a wonder that earthquakes are not more frequent, and more disastrous.

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight lacing—"Why," replied Miss "you could not surely recommend loose habits to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

The poorest of all family goods are indolent females.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE IN RUSSIA.

The behaviour of the attendants is polite and courteous; every fresh patient is received very respectfully, and first taken into the society of the most rational of the lunatics, who have likewise acquired the same tone of politeness. Here it is shown the interesting collections and productions of art; refreshments are brought him; he is invited to a game at billiards or backgammon, or may converse if he likes it better; he is indulged in every thing as far as possible, and thwarted only in that which might be hurtful to him. Employment, the beauties of nature, pleasant society, and recreation; and, on the other hand, darkness, solitary confinement, and ennui, are the principal engines employed to excite and to encourage, to soothe and to tame. Next day, therefore, the new comer is conducted to the work-rooms of the patients, where they are engaged in carpenters' and pasteboard work, spinning, knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c., and asked whether he likes any of those occupations. If he takes a fancy to one or the other of them, pains are taken to teach him, as it were in play; but, if he shows and continues to show an aversion to all kinds of bodily exertion, intellectual employment, reading in the select library of the institution, is allowed to him, as it is obliged out of the work-rooms, lest as it is observed, the industrious gentlemen there should be disturbed, and taken to a solitary apartment, where sometimes he is attacked ere long by ennui. If he complains of it, he is led back to the work-rooms, and repeatedly invited to join in some of the operations going forward there, with a promise that he shall then join in the tea-parties also. If he is not susceptible of ennui in the light room, and persists in apathy or begins to be violent, he is shut up in the cushioned room, from which even the most outrageous soon wish to be released, because the very maddest persons feel the need of light in their wildest undertakings, and darkness seems intolerable even to the most frenzied imagination.

The Russians, from their sanguine temperament, are most liable to fits of raving madness. The Fins, a thick-blooded and choleric race, are more subject to melancholy and idiosyncrasy, which, latter occurs very rarely among the Russians. But the Lettors, poetical, good-natured, childlike, and frequently childish people, furnish in general only harmless lunatics. We saw several Russians in strait waistcoats. At almost every farmhouse in Livonia and Courland, you met with a Lettish lunatic, bedizened with ribbons, flowers, glass beads, and other finery, who fancied himself a general or an emperor, and yet, decorated, with all the insignia of his station upon him, good-naturedly condescended to employ himself in cleaving wood and fetching water.

A particular diary is kept about every patient; also concerning his work, for which a small sum is allowed him, that the insane seeing the profit accruing from labor may be incited to greater industry.—Most of the men employed themselves with pasteboard work, a trade which is easily learned, and the products of which, as they speedily please and profit, are not long in affording pleasure and profit. Of the 130 patients in the house, in 1835, fifty were dismissed, half of them cured, and the other half, as incurable, delivered up to their friends, at the desire of the latter; and twenty-four died in the course of the year.—*Khol's Russia and the Russians in 1842.*

WILLIAM MILLER.

We re-publish the following from the *Banington Vt. State Banner*. It is the latest news from this monomaniac and his whereabouts. His last fancy sketch will confirm his followers and amuse the curious. It seems the parson is gradually edging off his followers from indulging too high expectations of the month of April.

"This gentleman arrived in this village, and commenced a course of lectures on his favorite and celebrated theme,—the Destruction of the World by Fire in A. D. 1843, on last Sunday week, the 22d inst., when he continued through the week, delivering two lectures each day, generally to full audiences. During his first lecture he gave substantially the following description of the MANNER of the Second Advent.

"A small bright spot will first appear in the east, which will gradually expand as it approaches the earth. By and bye, a small cloud will appear before the luminous ball, and between it and the earth. On this cloud will be seen the Son of Man, standing erect, his figure plainly visible to the spectators on the earth. At the sound of a trumpet (or some other signal,) the bright spot having gradually illuminated the whole heavens, the righteous dead shall rise from their resting places,—and the risen and living saints shall together be caught up and meet the Saviour in the air, when they will instantly be changed and clothed with immortality. The Saviour will then present them to the Father, whose presence is denoted by this luminous mass, perfect, without spot or wrinkle. The Father will then give the Saints, by the marriage covenant, as a bride to the Son. They will then be constituted the New Jerusalem, and together with the Saviour, will descend to the earth, which during their absence has been purified by fire, and the wicked burned up, where the Saints will dwell with Christ forever.

"The time of this phenomenon he maintains will be during the current year. Not having been very prompt in our attendance, we are unable to give any general description of his lectures. Most are familiar with his method of reckoning time and of interpreting prophecies. His style is egotistical and dogmatical. These faults may result somewhat from old age.

"The Parson is a large, thick-set personage, something over 60, and stands on his feet about five feet ten. He has a large head, and a large square full face, with small blue eyes, a small nose, light complexion, and light hair. He is earnest and vehement in his delivery and frequently intersperses his argument with episodes in which he sometimes puts in the "rich folks" against the clergy who oppose his system, and some-

times administers some very wholesome exhortations to sinners and unbelievers, in general. He is afflicted with a shaking or trembling which is so considerable that the motion of his head and hands can be observed across the house. He seems to be vastly satisfied with the accuracy of his theory, although he failed to impress the same confidence upon us, and a large portion of the community. Still, that might not have been his fault. The old gentleman has a good fund of historical and biblical information, and a very retentive memory. The only fault which we should urge against it, is that he sometimes seemed to remember too much. However, we will not insist on that.

Deeming it our duty, as public chroniclers, to take some notice of the presence of so noted a personage as the parson, we have given above, what little we saw and heard of him as the fairest and most proper notice we could take of him.

From the *Richmond Enquirer*.

AN ANECDOTE.

The energies of the Northern character are inexpressible—their ingenuity and tact, beyond expression. I beg leave to state an anecdote, by way of illustration—and to catch a portrait, as it fits before me.

I was called down to see a stranger this morning—and he appeared before me as a hale, smooth faced, ruddy complexioned young gentleman, with a sweet, soft voice—tall but slim, polite without affectation. He had a large portfolio under one arm, and a bundle of books in the other. A neat cap lay on the chair. I saw at one glance that he was an agent for some print or bookseller—and that he had a world of notions, at his disposal.

With a graceful but unstudied bow, he began his operations. "Cannot I prevail upon you, Sir, to subscribe to this beautiful collection of sermons? It is much celebrated, though I suppose you have heard of it before." It was the "National Preacher," coming out periodically in No. 3's. I declined to prefer another Christian work, I named it, as he touched his portfolio. I again declined, pleading hard times as my reason.

"Well, Sir, here are a large number of portraits of distinguished men—very cheap!"—My eye lit upon the half bust profiles of Tyler, Benton, &c. I waved my hand by way of refusal. "Perhaps, Sir, you would prefer Mr. Clay's?" I smiled, and he went on with his overtures. "Well, Sir, here is something in the children's way. Here are cards of the Alphabet, illustrated by the costumes of various countries." And they were well colored, striking to the eye, and apparently well calculated to attract the attention of the infantine observer, "like cobwebs to catch flies." I remarked that my children were too old to require such appliances.

"Well, perhaps, you may have some of the second generation, that you would like to oblige." "Thank you; they are sufficient provided for." But here is something for the lady, in the culinary Department. And then he put into my hands "The Housewife," with receipts for making pies, &c.—"No, Sir; but if you could get my cook to read your Housewife, I would present him with a copy. But the times are too hard for me to throw away my money, or to deal in any of your wares."

Having got through his little battery, he passed from his labors, and took up his portfolio to take his leave. I then turned my artillery of questions upon him: "You are an American?" "Oh, yes! I come from Hartford, Connecticut." "You are scarcely 19 yet?" "No—I am not so old." "Indeed! You have been to Washington?" "Yes, I was there some two or three weeks." "I hope you did well there." "Not very." "I scarcely paid my expenses." "You have been elsewhere?" "Yes; I left home about 18 months since. Have been to Mobile and New Orleans." "I am afraid you met with less success there than you expected?" "Not much. Wherever I go, I hear of hard times. The scarcity of money is an universal complaint. And in the Western States, the currency is more distracted and vicious, than it is with us." He said he had been a student at Hartford—and took this method, cheerless as it was, of adding to his little resources. I expressed my regret that I could not relieve him of any of his commodities, as I wanted money myself more than any thing—but I resolved in my heart, that if a line in the newspapers could help on the young and handsome stranger, he should have it fresh from the mint. Should any of my townsmen or townsladies meet with him, I hope they will receive him kindly, and open their hands and purses to him. He is blessed with health, and spirits, and energies. And I cannot dismiss this portrait of a stranger, without a passing tribute of admiration to the industry and resources of the Northern character. (I will not use the common sobriquet, lest I might be suspected of intending a contumely, which I scorn to do.)

A LOOKER-ON IN VIENNA.

KILL OR CURE.—A good story is told of a sharp fellow who promised a quack \$50 to attend upon his wife through her sickness, kill or cure. The woman died, and the quack wanted his money.

"Why," exclaimed the man, in utter consternation, "did you kill my wife?"

"The Lord preserve us—no!" replied the poor doctor.

"Did you cure her?"

"Why, no."

"Then I have nothing to pay you; I wanted you to kill or cure my wife—didn't, care much which—and you have done neither. Leave my house, sir; you must be an impostor!"

BURNS' MARY.—A monument has just been completed over the remains of Burns' Highland Mary in the West Church, Greenock. Previously there was nothing to mark the resting-place of the maid whose love inspired some of the most impassioned lyrics in our own or any other language. A base-relief of Burns and Mary Campbell, plighting their troth, and exchanging bibles across "the stream around the castle of Montgomery," bears the inscription, "Sacred to genius and love—to Burns and Highland Mary."

DIogenes.—Diogenes ordered himself to be thrown anywhere without burying—"What," said his friends—"to the birds and beasts?" "By no means," he cried, "place my staff nearest me, that I may drive them away." "How can you do that," they replied, "since you will not perceive them?" "How am I concerned," then added he, "in being torn by those animals if I feel nothing of it?"

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.

We have had several inquiries in relation to the cultivation of this fruit, the demand for which is rapidly increasing in our markets. Few things are more easily grown than the cranberry, and the cultivation is very simple. Nothing more seems necessary to success than bog or peat earth; if the bogs are sandy, so much the better, but too much wet is fatal to the hopes of an abundant crop. On the sandy coasts of Massachusetts, where wet bogs or meadows abound, the cultivation of the cranberry is increasing, and pieces of ground hitherto of no value, now yield handsome incomes. It is found they grow well on these sandy bogs after draining, and the following is stated to be the method pursued by Mr. Hall, of Barnstable, who has for some time produced them in large quantities:

"If the bogs are covered with brush, it is removed, but it is not necessary to remove the rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. It would be well, if previous to planting, the ground could be plowed; but Capt. Hall usually spreads on beach sand, and digs holes four feet asunder each way, the same as for corn; the holes are, however, deeper. Into these holes sods of cranberry roots are planted, and in the space of three years the whole ground is covered."

Mr. Kenrick remarks, that "although a moist soil is best suited to the plant, yet, with a suitable mixture of bog earth, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in any dry soil."

London asserts that Sir J. Banks, who obtained this plant from America, raised in 1831, on a square of 18 feet each way, three and a half bushels, equal to 460 bushels per acre. Any man who has a bog swamp, may raise cranberries, by draining it so that the surface, at least shall be dry, either inverting the surface, if hard enough, with a plow, or covering it with sand, and planting as above directed. When well set, the yield of an acre will not be much, if any, short of 200 bushels.—*Albany Cult.*

HEMLOCK BROWSE FOR SHEEP.

Sheep, as well as other domestic animals, like green food in the winter, and indeed the more they can have of a heavy and succulent nature, the better they will come out in the spring. It is a maxim with one of our oldest and most experienced wool-growers, that sheep should be filled once per day with something that they will eat. They are rather capricious in their appetites. This capriciousness depends very much upon the weather. When it is severely cold, they will eat almost any thing with avidity. Common bog hay is then greedily sought after.—But when the weather is more moderate and thaw, they are more dainty, and will turn from the same kind of fodder which they were very fond of, perhaps the day before. Hemlock boughs, we believe, are never refused by them, until they become somewhat tough in the spring of the year. They are green, succulent, heavy, and no doubt quite nutritive. Those who can obtain the boughs of the pitch-pine, will find them as good or better than the hemlock. Perhaps some of the other evergreens of the turpentine order are good, but we have never tried them, and cannot speak, therefore, from any experience of our own. Those who have a small supply of hay will do well to furnish a good supply of browse, and those who have plenty of hay should also furnish them with a good supply of browse by way of treat.—*Maine Far.*